TRUE AMERICAN.

P. B. CONN, PUBLISHER
CORNER MARKET AND 4TH

$2 PER ANNUM,
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to American Interests, Literature, Science, and General Intelligence.

Z. RAGAN, Editor and Proprietor. STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1855. VOLUME I.—NUMBER 20.

Select Tale.

From Graham's Magazine.

EDITH MORTON.

BY MISS S. A. STUART.

CHAPTER I.

Have you ever been, dear reader, in that sweet little village of A——, in Virginia. Well, if you have not, you certainly have yet to see the most pleasant little Eden of this earth; where they have the purest air, the most beautiful sunsets, and the bluest skies imaginable—Italy not excepted—so I think. There lived my heroine; and *such* a heroine, at the time I have chosen to introduce her to you.

It was close upon sundown, on a lovely spring day, when a strikingly handsome, *distingue* looking young man, alighted from his buggy, at the residence of Mrs. Morton, in the above mentioned village. Charles Lennard—the young man spoken of—had been received as a boarder, for a few months, into Mrs. Morton's quiet family, as his health was too delicate to allow him to trust to the precarious and uncertain kindness shown by the landladies, in general, of thriving village inns. Some moneyed affair had called him to A., and here he had arrived on this lovely spring evening; and the skies wore their rosiest blush to greet his coming.

"By all that's pretty! 'tis a little Paradise," was his muttered notice, as he passed through the flower-garden, whose clinging vines, creeping o'er the lattice supports, veiled the little bird-nest of white that peeped out amid the rich foliage, varied in color by a thousand tinted flowers. "I hope Mrs. Morton has given me a room overlooking the garden; 'twill be delightful to read here whilst these perfumes are floating around one."

The door was wide open, and a quiet, blue-eyed lady sat sewing in the back part of the wide hall, who raised her soft, kind eyes inquiringly to his face, as his shadow darkened the doorway.

"Mrs. Morton, I presume?" said he, as he approached him. "I am Mr. Lennard, whom you were so kind as to admit—"

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Lennard," interrupted she, hospitably extending her hand to bid him welcome. "Walk into this room, sir. We are very plain folks here, Mr. Lennard—but you must endeavor to make yourself at home. Alec"—to a boy who entered—"take this gentleman's buggy and horse and put them up."

Turning to her guest, she conducted him into her cosy parlor, now filled with the golden moats of the glimmering sunbeams, that quivered through the foliage that draped the windows; whilst the atmosphere of the room itself breathed sweets unnumbered. They chatted of the weather, of his journey, of the village etc., till Mrs. Morton, remembering her duty as hostess, begged her guest to excuse her, whilst she hurried off, "on hospitable tho'ts intent." Charles threw himself dreamily and indolently into the old-fashioned armchair, which stood invitingly in the shadow of the window.

A young, glad voice, a light, bounding step, broke on his reverie; and, as he glanced toward the door, whence the sound came—*bang!* almost in his face, fell a carpet-bag, half filled with books, and then an exclamation of surprise from a young fairy, who just stopped long enough to make him doubt whether she was mortal or angel—and then again bounded off like a young, startled fawn. 'Tis our heroine—Edith Morton—released from her duties at the village academy, wild with repressed play and mischief, who has done him this favor! She returned ere long with her mother, reluctant and blushing, to sanction by her presence the apology uttered for her.

"You will excuse Edith, Mr. Lennard, I hope, for her carelessness. She tells me that the light dazzled her eyes so much, that she was not aware of your presence; she has been in the habit of throwing her books into this room—the arm-chair which you now occupy being her morning study. Edith, speak to Mr. Lennard, and tell him how sorry you are for your rude greeting."

"Do not trouble yourself, Miss Edith. Your apology is all-sufficient, my dear madam; I, too, must apologize, for having unknowingly taken possession of her study, which is indeed inviting. You must look upon me as belonging to the family, and act without restraint; for I assure you, the thought would be far from pleasant did I think I interfered in the slightest degree with your settled habits. Miss Edith, you did right to send me such a reminder at the outset, and I assure you I will be more careful in the future."

A gleam of light, like a lurking smile, might be detected in the arch eyes of Edith, as she received this apology from Lennard. And he thought, without, however, giving utterance to it, "What a bewitching little fairy." Edith Morton, though she had not reached the age of sixteen, was an exquisite specimen of girlish beauty, as impossible to resist as describe. Her charm did not lie in her regular features, golden ringlets, or beautifully moulded and sylph-like form; though each and every one of these adjuncts to female loveliness she possessed in a pre-eminent degree, but her expression—arch, *spirituelle!* 'Tis useless to endeavor to convey an idea of the impression she *must* have made on you, with those divine eyes, lit up in their blue depths, with the sunlight of her merry heart, or the piquant expression of her rosy mouth, whose deeply-tinted portals, when wreathed with one of her infectious, heart-beaming smiles, disclosing white, even, little pearls, as Jonathan Slick says, shining like a mouthful of "*chewed* cocoa-nut." Shy before strangers, from her secluded life, she was the life of the circle in which she was known, and loved. Full of mischief, and the ringleader in every school-girl frolic, her ringing, mellow laugh, often echoed through the play ground of the village school, or singing merrily, as she was borne aloft in the swing, or dancing like a fairy on the green. Many were the boy-lovers who bowed at her shrine, with their simple, heartfelt offerings; but none felt themselves signally favored—for, young as she was, she seemed to have erected, a standard of excellence in her own mind, and her ideal hero was alone the loved.

Charles Lennard soon made himself perfectly at home with Mrs. Morton and Edith; and his first evening with them passed pleasantly enough to him. He felt himself much attracted by her exquisite beauty; and, as their acquaintanship progressed, when her mother left the room on household duties, he was much amused by her piquant and original replies to his questions. He found her, too, not uneducated, and, young as she was, a reader and lover of many of his own favorite poets. At the close of the evening, Mrs. Morton requested Edith to sing, and, with a startled look toward Lennard, she left her seat to get the guitar from its case.

"Mother, 'tis dreadfully out of tune," she said, in a tone of entreaty.

"Well, Edith, that is soon remedied by your *will*. So, my daughter, do not make any further excuse, but sing to me as usual. Mr. Lennard will excuse the faults when he sees how willing you are to oblige."

Edith bent low over the instrument as she tuned it, and looking up into her mother's face, as if her shyness was not yet overcome, waited for that mother to tell her to commence.

"Are you ready? well, play then my favorite."

And though the young voice was trembling, and not well drilled, yet she warbled her "wood notes wild" with marvelous sweetness; and she blushed with pleasure at Lennard's seeming enjoyment of her simple music; and her "good night" to him was as charming as to an acquaintance of longer date, accompanied as it was by such a sweet smile.

"What a nice little wife she will make for some one, in days to come," thought he, as standing by the window overlooking the garden, he found himself musing on the singularly graceful and beautiful child whom he had left.

Charles Lennard had no idea at that moment of ever loving Edith Morton. She was too young, too unformed in mind to comprehend him, and to follow, as a kindred spirit, through the abstruse and almost trancendental range of thought, in which he often loved to engage. Delicate in health as in organization, he contented himself for the present to be a spectator in the world rather than actor, and in his day-dreams now weaving bright pictures for the future—pictures in which he was to play a most conspicuous part. We will not say but that a vision also of dazzling eyes, dancing ringlets, and woman's light form, constituted a part of the reveries of the listless and dreamy student.

The neat breakfast-parlor of Mrs. Morton looked as fresh as herself as Charles descended, the next morning, to that meal. And there sat Edith in the old, deeply cushioned chair, book in hand, conning her morning task most zealously, but ever and anon pushing her little foot out to a kitten on the floor, as playful as herself, who, with its eyes distended to a perfect circle, sat watching it most sagely, and then jumping quickly to catch it, in retreat—so that the young girl would laugh most merrily, and then again resume her book. Charles watched her from the hall ere he entered, for on his entrance she drew herself up most demurely, and cut the kitten's acquaintance *instanter*.

"May I assist you with your map-questions, Miss Edith?"

"No, I thank you. I have finished studying them. Mother always insists that if I rise early I will learn twice as fast, and also be prepared to say them when the bell rings."

"I know," said her mother, "she will be obliged to stop for play every now and then. Yes, truly, Edith, you are a sad idler."

"Ah, mother! but you should only see me in school. Here there is so much to take up my attention. I mean I am obliged to kiss you, to tend the flowers, and—and play with pussy;" and here, forgetting Mr. Lennard, she caught up her little pet, and began smoothing its soft fur with her white hand.

"For shame, Edith; will you always be a child. Come, Mr. Lennard, breakfast is ready."

CHAPTER II.

The holydays had come, and Edith was at home for the summer. How pleasant were her anticipations of her joyous freedom from dull books and the restraint of school routine for months to come. The next year she was to become a boarder in a fashionable school in Philadelphia, and her mother decided that the intervening time should be spent with her needle, in preparation for that event. Yes; how delightful! so Edith thought, to sit in that sociable room sewing, where the air was redolent with perfume, and the sunshine stole so coyly in through the vine-draped windows, making shimmering and fantastic figures on the highly polished and waxed floor of that peculiarly summer-room, as the sweet south wind waved to and fro. Oh! for her, with her young heart of hope, the summer air, was so delightful when it came through that window, where she loved to sit gazing dreamily of a lucid, still morning, coming, too, laden with sweets stolen from the dewy flowers; and then a glance at those fleecy, shifting cloud's in the blue sky—why 'twas better to her than the fairy scenes of a magic lantern or gorgeous theatric spectacle.

And there, too, sat Lennard, quite domesticated by this time. Notwithstanding he thought it would be so very pleasant to study in his room overlooking the garden, he as regularly walked into the parlor every morning with his book, until quite a small library began to collect. Occasionally he would read favorite passages from them to Edith, as she sat sewing, and, child as she was, looking into her eyes for sympathy in his enthusiasm. But far oftener would he be wandering into the garden with her, selecting flowers; sometimes holding the tangled skein, and that too, so intently, that often his dark brown locks were mingled with her golden ones. The peals of merry laughter! "How much amused they are," repeated to herself Mrs. Morton; but on entering and inquiring what caused their merriment, 'twas too little to frame into an answer. Any thing—nothing—created a laugh or smile with them, they were so happy—so very happy. Nor was music's soft strains neglected to glid the passing hours. There, in the witching, summer twilight, still, soundless, save the low melody gushing from Edith's lips, as she sung to her simple accompaniment on the guitar, and with the fuller, deeper music of Charles' voice, they sat wrapt in their happiness, unconscious—(at least one of them)—of the feelings rife within their hearts of what heightened their enjoyment.

Edith was unconscious. She was fully aware, it is true, that life was gaining every day fresh charmes. To her eye the blue vault had never looked "so deeply, darkly, so intensely blue." The birds had surely never sung so sweetly, nor the very flowers borne so bright a hue; and yet, to all appearance, as time wore on, she was not so gleeful nor so wildly frolicksome as usual. No longer would her voice be detected in the ringing laugh, but smiles were rippling and dimpling o'er her face, in her quiet heart happiness. Yes, in her heart of hearts, what a spring of deep joy was bubbling up almost to overflowing, quietly unknown to others, but thrillingly alive to herself; so intense at times, that those sweet eyes would glisten with unshed tears at the very thought that death might come and bear her off from so bright, so joyous a world, where life itself was bliss. Her unusual quietness—her fitful and radiant blushes—the soul-full glances—the *manner* that was stealing so softly, yet so perceptibly o'er the young girl, toning down, as it were, her high spirits, was noticed by her mother; but her conclusion was simply "that Edith is growing into a woman, and will not be such a hoyden as I dreaded."

Edith was unconscious! But not so the dreamy student. He, though albeit as much a child in the actual business of life as Edith, was much better skilled in the heart's lore. He had seen the flash of joy which brightened her eye—had watched the cheek kindling at his approach, and the smile of womanly sweetness, wreathing her exquisite lip at his words or glance of approval.

He had become, with Mrs. Morton's acquiescence—having nothing to occupy him, he had informed her—Edith's instructor in French; and he saw how any thing but wearisome was the daily task; and, in the solitude of his chamber, stole welcomely into his mind the thought that he had taught her practically to conjugate through all its inflections the verb *aimer*. Mrs. Morton very often complained to Edith that she neglected her sewing for her book, her guitar, her evening rambles—but she was the widow's only child, her bright gleam of sunshine; her idleness was overlooked, and she was allowed to have her own will, and continued to be the constant companion of Charles Lennard.

It was a moonlight evening in the latter end of October. Edith, Mrs. Morton, an elderly lady-visitor, and Charles rambled about a quarter of a mile from the village, to a place called the Cool-spring, to enjoy one of the nights which October had stolen from summer, and, delighted with the beauty of the lonely, sequestered spot, where the moonbeams rested so brightly and reflectingly on the rustic spring—now bubbling up from the rich green, velvetty sward—now hiding in the thick grass, and anon revealing itself by its glitter—that the old ladies seated themselves on the rude bench for a cozy chat of "auld lang syne," and "when we were girls, you remember." Charles and Edith were standing some distance from them, watching "the silver tops of moon-touched trees." Very quietly had they thus stood drinking in the quiet loveliness of this enchanting scene, and no sound was heard but the mellowed hum of the village, borne but echoingly to their ear, and the rustling of the foliage, as it was kissed by the night-breeze.

"Edith!" and his voice was low, "is this not beautiful. I swear that I could be here content forever, were you but with me. But would you, dear Edith?"

A quick, eager, flashing gaze, as her eye was for the instant raised to his own, was her answer. 'Twas the look of some wondering and awakened child, as to the consciousness of her feelings toward Charles stole upon her beautifully, though strangely; and something of gladness was in the melody of the child-like, trusting, and low-toned voice with which she breathed, rather than uttered, "Oh, yes!"

"Dearest Edith," was all that Charles said for some moments, as he held the little trembling hand in his own, then placing it within his arm, he drew her to the shade of a large tree, under whose foliage lay the fallen trunk of an oak, upon which they sat.

"Dearest Edith," he again said, as she, with downcast eyes, blushing even in that dim light at his impassioned tones and loving words, "promise me that you will love me and think fondly of me for the next two years I am doomed to wander, and then, when I have fulfilled my guardian's wishes, that you will be my wife? My own Edith, say?"

You could almost hear the beating of that young heart, as she thus sat listening at his side, shrinking and trembling from the arm thrown around her waist, and turning in timid modesty from the eyes looking so ardently loving into the glistening depths of her own, striving to hide her feelings from those fondly searching eyes. And Charles—with the lightning's rapidity came into his mind the words of the poet:

"She loves me much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And when he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig within the heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a miser, in the dark
To feast alone."

"You will forget me long ere you come back," was her answer to his reiterated appeal. "Why need I, then, to answer." And there was a tear almost in the liquid voice, as a vision of what her life would be, should such prove the truth, arose before her mind's eye.

"Forget you! Do you judge me from yourself, Edith, when you say that?"

"Oh, no!" was the impulsive reply of the young maiden, as she hastedly and unthoughtedly now answered him. "Oh, no indeed! But you, Mr. Lennard, are going to Europe, and you will see there so many, very many things and persons to make you forget me—a school-girl—an ignorant child. I was ashamed of myself before you, to think I knew so little—so very little, and you—why you will blush for my ignorance, and then—how could you love me?"

How sweet were those tones, so full of heart-music that he, luxuriating in them, hesitated to answer, that he might catch even their echo; but at length came his reply.

"How could I love you! Rather ask, how can—how could I help it. You are to me, Edith, more perfect than any human being I ever dreamed of or imagined; so lovely, darling, that when you burst on me first, in your young, pure loveliness, I was almost in doubt if you, indeed, belonged to our dull earth. How could I love you!"

"What a simple question; yet, how deep in its very simplicity and artlessness. Yes, Edith, I always ask myself the same question—how I could dare to love one so like an angel. I will not suffer myself to search into my right—lest I say with truth,

"'Twere as well to love some bright particular star
And think to wed it."

But, promise that you will love me—that you will think ever of me; and that when I return you will be my wife?"

"You must ask mother, Ch—Mr. Lennard I mean—Indeed, indeed I cannot answer you for—do not laugh when I tell you—I am almost frightened when you ask me such a question; though"—and here the young head, with its clustering, silken ringlets, bent low as she whispered—"though I do love you now better than any one in the world. But, let us go to mother, now, Mr. Lennard," she quickly added, startled as it were, by her own confession; and, springing lightly from him, as he attempted still to detain her with his loving words, and almost nestling down by her mother's side, like a truant dove returned, and yet, her heart beating with the fullness of joy at the sweet knowledge she had thus gained—her eye lit up with the lore conned from the new page of the book in her life which she had then learnt. And Charles stood by her, even more eloquent in his silence than when he wooed her beneath the shadowy, old three.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

WIT OF A GERMAN LAWYER.—A young man of Nuremberg, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune.

The lawyer agreed. But the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the man had?

The lawyer said he did not know, but would inquire.

The next time he saw his friend, he asked him if he had and property at all?

"No," replied he.

"Well;" said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if they would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?"

"Not for the world," said he.

"It is well," replied the lawyer, "I had reasons for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father he said—"I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old man to consent to the said marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said in the sequel that he shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

☞If your sister, while engaged in a tender conversation with her lover, requests you to bring her a glass of water from an adjoining, room, you can start on your errand, but you need't return.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The American Party and its Opponents.

No wonder there should exist in almost every community a large and respectable body of men who eschew politics and politicians, as though they carried in their wake moral disease and death. There have been, and there are, causes for this abhorrence. And, yet, if these very men would overcome their scrupules, and mingle more actively in political affairs, they could do much to render pure and wholesome that which is now infectious.

It is marvellous to witness just now the various attacks which are made upon the American party, by presses and politicians in different sections of the country—to see how men disagree in the estimate of its character and aims. The Democrats in the South oppose it for its abolition tendencies; the Democrats of the North, or a portion of them, and the Freesoilers or a portion of them, oppose it because of its pro-slavery character. Now one or the other of these parties must labor under a grave misconception of the character and purposes of the American party, or they are acting dishonestly, knowingly and deliberately. One or both must be wrong: both cannot be right.

Mr. Wise in his stump speeches in Virginia, says the American party is an abolition party, and Virginia must vote it down. Dr. Bailey of the *Nat. Era*, on the other hand, says that it is a pro-slavery party, and northren men must have no fellowship with it.

Neither of these gentlemen, we apprehend are correct in their views of the case. The American party, as such, is neither pro-slavery nor anti-slavery. It looks to the purification of the ballot box, the revision of our naturalization system, to the fostering of a purer American Nationalism and leaves the other questions, which have for years divided parties, pretty much where it found them. In Ohio and the free states the American party is anti-slavery, because a majority of the members of the Order and the sentiments of the people of these States are opposed to slavery—but when we say anti-slavery, we do not mean that they are disposed or in any way desire to encroach upon the rights of the Southern States. They are opposed to the extension of the institutions, and will in all legal and constitutional ways make that opposition felt. The same sentiment existed before the American party had a being, and will exist after it has ceased to act as a party. In the Southern States a different state of facts exist. The causes which have made the northren people anti-slavery have made the southern people pro-slavery; namely, their education, tradition, habits of thinking, and their State institutions. It is not the American party that has caused this.—It has always been so, and will continue to be for years to come, in all human probability.

Such being the case, we may be asked how can the members of the American party act harmoniously together? We see no difficulty in the way, provided that on both sides of the line they mean to be governed by the Constitution and the acts of Congress. We belong to one nation; we have one Constitution, and one destiny. On most things we agree. On this question of slavery we disagree. The Constitution debars Congress from interfering with slavery in the States, therefore the Southern States are free from any possibility of harm. With slavery in the territories, Congress has full power to act, and if it is established therein, the North must submit; on the other hand, if it prohibit slavery therein, the South must submit. The congressional majority must rule. If the South desire the extension of slavery in the territories, it will send men to Congress who will vote to put it there. If the North prefer freedom for the territories, it must send men to Congress who will vote to have them free. The North will have a majority in the next House of Representatives who will re-enact the Missouri restriction. We hope it will have a majority also in the Senate who will vote the same way, but of this we are in doubt. The American party in the North, as we understand it, does not expect that the Southern States will send anti-slavery men to Congress, nor must the American party in the South expect that the Northren States will send pro-slavery men to Congress. We hope and expect that each section will send good men. Each representative in Congress ought to, and we trust will represent the wishes of his constituents upon this and all other questions. When the American party comes to act in Congress upon the general matters embraced in its creed, it will be a unit. When it comes to act upon the tariff, Cuba, the currency, river and harbor improvements, &c., it will divide; for there are free traders and tariff men in the American party; there are strict constructionists and latitudinarians; old Jackson men and old Clay men, Whigs, Democrats, and Free Soilers in the order, and elected to Congress and to be elected.

These being the facts, what use is there of keeping up a grand public deception?—one class of opponents claiming the American party to be in favor of slavery, and another claiming to be directly the opposite. It is far better to state facts as they are.

Be Cheerful.

Nothing helps a man along in the world, lightening his toil and gilding even his cares, so much as cheerfulness. Not the cheerfulness of a moment, caused perhaps by good news received, or by "a streak of luck," but the constant flow of good humor, betokened by every word and every act. Some are naturally of a cheerful disposition, but it will not last them long in the ups and downs of life, if they do not cultivate and constantly keep it in practice.

And those who have it not, may, little by little, acquire it, if they will only seek it determinedly and energetically. Let them watch every word and every action, check every rising of anger, and, instead of "croaking,' and looking blue, force up, as it were, the better feelings. Let them dwell on the bright and sunny side of life, putting away that which is dark and gloomy.

What if they do, now and then, deceive themselves with the sparkling vision? Are they not just as often agreeably disappointed when they prophesy evil? Then why not extract the drops of honey and leave the gall? We have sorrow enough in this worlds experience caused by realities.—There is no need of adding to the cup by forbodings of evil and manifestations of ill temper. Who likes to look at or deal with the "blue" the sour, or the long-faced?—Like begets like, they say, and certainly cheerfulness begets cheerfulness—it is catching when systematically exhibited.

Kindness and generosity go hand-in-hand with cheerfulness, helping along, and receiving help from them, and a noble trio they are! They give more peace and happiness than those without them can believe. Cheerfulnsss, The poor man has more of it, generally, than his rich neighbor. It is accesible to all, high or low, and all may obtain the benefits arising from it. Remember then, good reader, among all your duties and pleasures, always be—BE CHEERFUL.

Mr. Wise taken Aback.

We have good authority for the correctness of the following anecdote:

Mr. Wise the Accomic Pilgrim, was addressing a large assemblage somewhere in Virginia, the other day, and in characteristic style abusing the Know-Nothings.

"Is there one of that secret traitorous clan here present." he exclaimed, "if so let him show his face." No one rose. Vociferous cheering and shouting. Mr. Wise gathering fresh courage and vehemence, "If there's a Know Nothing in the room, I challenge him to stand up like a man!" Congregation remain seated. Tremendous applause and vociferation. Mr. Wise, brim full of gall and bitterness charging round.—"Stand up, ye lousy, godless, christless set, stand up I defy ye, if there be one here present!" An old gentleman in the rear of the room slowly rises and blandly remarks, "Sam! get up!" whereupon two-thirds of the assembly sprang to their feet. It is said that Mr. Wise was so confounded by this unexpected result that he did not resume his speech.—Wilmington (N. C.) Herald.

☞Philosophers say that "figures can not lie." This only shows philosophy is but little acquainted with the uses to which women put cotton and coffee bags.

☞God hears the heart without words—but he never hears words without the heart.